

changed the ancient; a foothold that would as profoundly affect the people of this continent as shrewd invasion of a troubled land revolutionized the blood of Briton and Celt.

And Japan is only one of a flock of nations full in the eye of possibility today. Tomorrow will better their chances.

Neither nation nor man lives to himself alone. There are big broad rules of life and conduct which produce forces upon the recognition of reasonable humanity. Mexico violates those rules, and takes a bloody delight in doing it. Rapacity there grows with what it feeds on. No outrage of today will content tomorrow's appetite. One president banished—the next one butchered. One American investor permitted to flee, leaving his possessions—the next one stripped of the very means of leaving, and subjected to tortures which extend to outrages of children and women.

Crime fattens on crime; and a people, long lost to any stir of patriotism, menace the whole world with contaminating example, and the constant invitation: "Come in and possess us!"

What will the harvest be? A continent offending the age and disturbing the world with needless, endless strife—or a continent pacified by the one American power which can give freedom to the Mexicans and progress to the race?

She comes not when the Noon is on the roses—
Too bright is Day.
She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
Roll in from Sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight,
She comes to me.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEIR GOWNS

A lot of sympathetic souls are being harrowed just because of the gowns some women are wearing. The sympathetic souls are alarmed—whether for the moral or physical state of the women, or for what senators call "the state of the nation," no man can say. And they are wasting their time—are these sympathetic souls.

The other day a man came into the club and pulled some fellows about him and told them in "baited" breath that he got a woman between him and the sun, and he could see right through her clothes—see as high as her knees. (Business of great shock, with breath suspended entirely, bait and all; eyes bulging and a sort of "chaos-and-old-night" expression generally).

In the first place, he was in darned poor business maneuvering a woman into the revealing eye of the sun that way, if he did it to spy on the concealed portions of her body. And in the second place, there was no reason for getting excited, even if he did see "as high as her knees." He knew she had knees, didn't he? He knows all women have legs, doesn't he? Or does he think they pin their shoes on the edge of their dresses?

What a woman wears ought to be her business—and it is until some foolish man comes along and makes it his business, too. Women wouldn't wear extreme costumes if they didn't know they can jolt a sensation into the salacious. Given a generation of men that didn't care a whoop whether women wore peekaboo or peajackets, and the women would wear something comfortable. Peajackets are just as pretty as the peekaboo. But women are natural artists. They like to create effects. They are—often innocently enough—fond of making sensations. And if you think they didn't enjoy it when they see the masculine eye jump, you are mistaken.

But don't worry about them—or their clothes. They will come down to reason just as soon as it doesn't pay them to put in the spectacular.

For the lowest-cut collars and the widest-open necks are observed on those ladies with fronts as flat as their fathers; the girls who could hold a plumbline in the teeth, the lead swinging free and clear to the sidewalk. The girls with the thinnest skirts—this is the consensus of opinion held by the man who "gets them between him and the sun"—is the girl with at least one bow leg—usually two.

Really pretty women are sure of themselves. They know they are good from top to toe; and they aren't afraid any one will doubt it.

Don't examine too closely the sort that invites you to do the scanning. Ten to one you will come away shocked at the disfigurement you and the sun discover.

THE DUPLICATES

The first contains two growing plants;
The second holds her pickles;
The third, her letters; fourth, perchance,
Odd pencils, dimes and nickels;
The fifth, potatoes yet unpeeled;
The sixth contains some chowder;
Within the seventh, lie, concealed,
Some cold cream and some powder.
"Why, what receptacles are these?"
You ask, "With use so varied?"
Just cut glass dishes, if you please,
For she was lately married.

—Judge.

ANOTHER JAPANESE MENACE

My other old friend L. A. Tiambouf, of the Southern Pacific company, writes me of a new peril from "a son of Nippon." The peril seems to consist in a possible change of detail in Pullman cars—and some other things. Here is the Jap man's letter to the Southern Pacific:

"Dear Hon. S. Pacific:—I residing in these Suisun City and question, please, do engineer 9:30 evening P. M. freight train necessary blow whistle with so long lasting of sounds for calling back end brakeman if 5 short whistle call would wake by baby and back end brakeman with same effect each departure? Many other trains at crossings raise same long night noises; cannot all lives be safe with less awaking of almost the dead?"

Also recent time of late I travel with hon. employ in lovely electric lights Pullman car "Aliena" and cannot find satisfy place to lose my watch and American eagle (\$10.00) for complete safety. Could not hon. Pullman save 25c from every gentleman in lower berth rate financial condition by inserting in smoke room wash place, one small safe deposit box convenience (10c to porter upon arrival at destination to leave key with it), so saving temptation of robbery under pillow.

Thanking you for quiet relief to home and very grateful for travel safely.

Yours truly,

SHIKARO TAKOMOTO,
Japanese Passenger.

The Southern Pacific people have courteously replied assuring Shikaro that all possible will be done for his safety and his comfort.

But I tremble when I contemplate the later and final revolution which will come when any—even the smallest—change is made in Pullman cars. For, once you start in reforming them, and God only knows what the end will be.

Maybe a modern, sensible and convenient mode of travel.

REMEMBER MRS. MEANS'S ADVICE.

There be still some people who have read Dr. Eggleston's classic, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"; and they remember that the foundation of the old Jack Means fortune was traceable to the excellent counsel of his wife.

They had gone into Indiana in an early day,

when land was cheap and plenty, and free for all. Jack took up enough for a farm, but his bride spurred him to bigger achievement. "Git-a-plenty while you're gitten." That was the advice of young Mrs. Means. They lived till Jack was a rough, rich old man, and his wife a garrulous old woman, whose one refrain was that sage advice. "Git-a-plenty while you're gitten," Jack, says I.

It is good counsel still, and out here in Utah as back there in Hoosierland. There are young fellows about town now who will be hired men or their own bosses in ten years, just depending on whether they get some of this Utah land. And when they wake up ten years from now, will find conditions have changed. The land that now could be had so cheap will be worth ten times the money.

L. P. Palmer, county clerk, was speaking of this matter recently. He was down on the Escalante desert a very few years ago, and found good land, big with sage, and water within easy digging, with price right and title perfect, and he waited. Now he wishes he had a half section or so. The Escalante desert isn't "plenty and free" any longer.

Ten years ago you could buy school land in this state for a dollar and a quarter an acre. You can't get good school land now for ten dollars an acre—unless you go into some remote section where it won't do you any good. Ten years ago you could have had choice Box Elder county land pretty nearly for nothing. Now it is held high because its worth is high.

Don't wait, boys. Go out and get some land—and make a farm there. Don't buy it and hold it for other people to make it valuable. You go in and help. Do your share. For the fate of old Jack Means may be your fate to the extent of much land making you rich, if you take the lady's advice. Get land! and "git a-plenty while you're gitten."

THE SONG OF THE WHEAT.

By C. L. Marsh, in Smart Set.

I draw my birth from the Mother Earth,
The Matrix of all that lives;
The sun is my sire, his passionate fire
The life to her offspring gives;
He wooed her and warmed her in lusty way,
But he tempers the heat of his dusty day
To quicken the seed in her mighty breast.
Then the grasses grow and the wild flowers blow,
And the world begins to sing;
But I am the heir to this royalty fair,
For I am of life the King.

From the tropic glow to the lands of snow,
The whole world waits for me;
No wheel can turn, no thought can burn,
Till the giver of life they see.
No whit I reek of the claims of birth,
No wealth in my standard of greater worth;
To the favored few, and the struggling mass,
I am "Necessity," scorned of "Class,"
For where is the race that will calmly face
The loss of the life I bring?
And man is wild when the moans of his child
In his ears forever ring.
When "Bread" is the cry, let the rich man lie,
To scatter the food that his wealth can buy.
Or beware of the hunger that will not die,
For I am of life the King.

And woe to the fool who fancies to rule,
My freedom to come and go!
No wealth is so great as the laws of fate,
And I bury him 'neath my snow.
Perchance he is called "The King of the Wheat,"
For a season of sovereignty short and sweet,
But from all the earth with pinions fleet
I fly, on his insolent head to beat.
No "King of the Wheat" is he, I trow,
But the Wheat is the monarch that lays him low.
One bungler more I add to my score,
And again my song I sing:
No power can stay me, no trusts betray me,
For I am of life the King.